



I rather fear we may have to take this up at your next performance review, Miss Moneypenry.

Quite understood, sir.



Last warning. Lower your weapons.

IF M dies, you get nothing.



You think that's what this is all about? That I want the secrets in M's brain? Oh, please...

The British government already gave me the keys to the kingdom when they awarded me the Trident contract.













If you think you can cover this up, you're insane.

Oh, I'm not going to cover it up. You are.

Since Yemen didn't work out--thanks to you--I've decided to raise the stakes...

I'm going to wipe LONDON off the map. And you're going to blame KRACKEN.

Unless you really want the world to know Britain lost control of its own nuclear arsenal...?



But--in God's name, WHY--?!

Because the British Empire wasn't built by asking nicely. We took what we wanted with blood and gunfire.

The bleeding hearts and the Eurocrats gave it all away. I'm taking it back.

We're going to make Britain great again.





